THE

AERONAUT.

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To the Aeronauts -

Gentlemen.

There must be a quid pro quo; This is one of the few things that have come under my cognisance, since I have been

pursuing my legal studies; which I have been for three years, come Christmas next. "To work for nothing and find yourself" is a queer sort of a contract; and I do not remember having met with it either in a deed indented or a deed poll. Now my quid is to work hard and find myself, and my quo is nothing. This is not practical algebra; for if the equation was properly balanced, and loss of time taken into consideration, there would be a monstrous parcel of digits with a minus before them, to make up the complement of my quo.

When a young man enters the office of one of our practitioners, he pays his hundred pounds for a fee. This is certainly quid. He writes for his Counsellor as many hours in the day, as fortune pleases. He runs from one end of the town to the other, in all weathers, as it pleases the Lord.

he reads whatever, and as much, of miscellaneous lead and trash, as it pleases himself; and he gets neither direction, instruction, or examination — as it always pleases his master.

This is a lamentable statement of the truth. Reflecting on the lot of others, who are in my own situation, I composed the following lines the other day, between a cold sweat and a Bill in Chancery, consisting of some hundred folios; for which my friend the lawyer gets a fifteen a piece; and I get my quo aforesaid.

QUID, PRO QUO?

The idler, who for months and years
In some bright fair one's train appears

And sees time onward flow,
His money spent, his wit departed,
Himself left hopeless, broken hearted—
This is his quid, pro quo?

The fair one, who, by nature blest
With charms & wit, by fame caress'd,
Sports with the sufferer's woe,
Sees time's dark shadows round array'd,
And youngsters call her an old maid,
This is her quid, pro quo?

The girl, who in her op'ning flow'r
Was blasted, in one heedless hour,
And left her shame to know,
To learn that faithless man betrays,
And drops beneath a long disgrace,
She gives her quid, pro quo?

The author, who, at midnight tide,
~~Sees health and vigour~~
While pale hope mocks conceptions pride,
Often sees health and vigour glide
As wanes the taper slow,

Till art in vain essays to save,—
When laurels wither on his grave—
Has spent his quid, pro quo?

The soldier who, from home afar
Has swam the molten surge of war.
To quell his country's foe,
Shall back with but one leg repair,
And get some land, the Lord knows where—
This is his quid, pro quo?

Nero I, who wear this idle rhyme,
Oblivion's spoil, with waste of time,
Must to my labour go;
I but a tedious hour beguile
To meet the critic's surly smile—
This is my quid, pro quo?

GAMALIEL.

To the Aeronauts—

Gent.

The vanity of human greatness is in nothing so timely displayed, as in the

different purposes to which the subjects of its boasting are applied. In my present communication, I shall confine myself to those structures, which are raised either for the pleasure, the vanity or the pride of men, and which so often remain, when those, at whose ~~beck~~ behest they were reared, have departed, to mock the memory of their greatness.

Who built the Pyramids? Their authors aspiring to immortality, chose a form the most permanent, & materials least perishable. They employed a countless multitude to erect the fabric; they died — and they are forgotten. The Pyramids retain their wished invisibility; they have not been profaned by servile uses, because they are fit for none. Thus the wonders of art remain through the lapse of ages, the idle landmarks of curiosity.

who worship in the once gorgeous fanes of Balbec? The poorest out-casts of the desert repose with their scanty herds beneath their shelter. Those temples which were reared for a worship the most splendid on earth, have become the transient dwellings of the most abject of the sons of men.

I need not point your eyes, to the monumental relics of classical splendour;- the people who opened the golden floodgates of intellectual light, who made greater advances in a few centuries in the career of improvement, than their successors have done ever since, have left the testimonials of their grandeur to be contemplated by a race, who seem to be of all the tribes of humanity, most stationary, and least susceptible of any progress in art.

But let us descend to the nation which in modern days, stands preeminent in all that ennobles our species and perpetuates the

fame of a people. The palaces of the proudest of the English monarchs are still to be seen in the barns of commoners; and in the spot where courtiers once bended before their sovereigns, the wandering gypsy now occupies her solitary hiding place. The lowest have succeeded to the highest — the proscribed outlaw to the puissant Landgrave. And the building in which one of their ancient charters, on which their liberties are founded, was granted, is now a stable and a kennel; unregarded merely the antiquary —

Heu! quanto mutatum ab illo!

Every nation can furnish a host of similar examples; But it is unnecessary to enumerate more. It seems as if we may discern more than the hand of chance in these strange antitheses of time. It seems as if fate had made a league with time to outstrat

mankind in the folly of all their boasting.

It is a curious amusement, to observe the singular changes which take place in different buildings, every day, before our own eyes. In our own city, for instance, we may see a Stable turned into a custom house. The building changes its name, but not its nature. There is still as great a quantity of filth which needs the labour of Hercules to remove it; there is as much carrying on, and as much deception as ever. Behold a second mutation! the Custom House becomes a Bookstore, and the head quarters of a review. And still it changes its name, and still its nature is unchanged. There is more filth now than ever, and not Hercules himself could winnow the wheat from the chaff. The Reviewer is to levy the duties, which the unlucky author must pay. But alas!

they have become far more severe! they are now writing from a wounded spirit, and from the disappointment of long cherished hopes. Without the power of retaliation, he is to become a bankrupt in heart; while he despises the hand that dealt the unmanly blow. Here also, there is as much fraud, as much bribery, and as much partiality as before; and at last, the two parallel lines converge to a point in this particular — that the Reviewer has no more having than the understrappers of a Custom House.

Again, a receptacle for the lazzaroni becomes the palace of the fine arts. Both are charitable institutions; the fine arts are greater beggars than the paupers. As in the one instance, many a wretch reduced from plenty and munificence, becomes the abject dependant on the

cold hands of casual benevolence, or ostentatious littleness - so on the other, Gods and Goddesses, expelled from Elysium; torn from their pedestals, degraded by their metamorphosis into plaster of Paris, are begging two shillings from the passing stranger.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur cum illis!

Upon the whole, we are led to deduce the sequitur, that both the livery stable and the alms house, have been degraded by the changes they have undergone.

Among the many histories founded on the scheme of the metempsychosis, or the adventures of insects &c, we do not recollect having met with any, wherein the history of an edifice was related - we think it would furnish as fine an opportunity for satire, as much food for entertainment

and as many useful lessons, as any of the innumerable tales before mentioned have exhibited.

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